

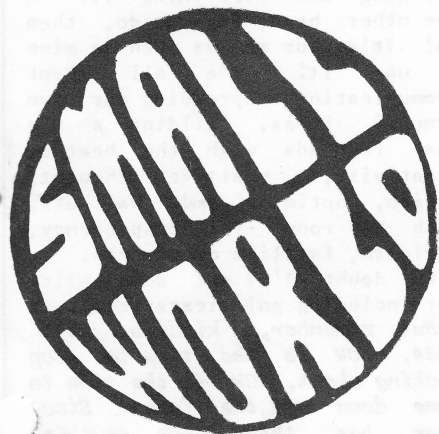
ANOTHER THRILL-PACKED ISSUE OF . . .

BLAZE

NO. 4

My dear est Richard
dar ling white cow
The & The wheel sheep.

THE QUESTIONS



PROBABLY THE MOST
RIDICULOUS WASTE OF

30p.
EVER.

PLUS:-

YOUTH CND.
SPRINGFIELDS
FANZINE'S
FUNKY WILL
APOCALYPSE
TOP OF THE POPS
ALBANIAN FOOTBALL
VIVISECTION
FIVE GO MAD IN EUROPE
PETERBOROUGH UTD.
ATTILA THE STOCKBROKER
RANTING POETRY

GET UP AND

RANT!

This issue's look at...

RANTING NONBORING POETRY

Welcome to the ranting poetry section of Elaze 4, featuring classic works of English literature from such hallowed and revered scribes as Kool Knotes, Attila the stockbroker and Swift Nick.

We start with a couple from Richard Kool Knotes Edwards, internationally renowned as the man behind the greatest fanzine in the history of the entire universe, Cool Notes - a man, strangely obsessed with reggae, buses and goats, who has only one major fault - he supports Colchester United! When you've stopped laughing, let me remind you that the Boro Boys thrashed the Essex scum 2-0 at London Road last season, and with unparalleled generosity, graciously allowed them a draw at Layer Road. Posh ended up one place and one point above the Mighty U's. Ha!

Attila the Stockbroker is, at the moment, convalescing in Harlow, recovering slowly and painfully from a wantonly violent attack by a bedspring in Whissendine in October. The despicable, scheming, conniving object, obviously in league with the spirit of that two-headed bourgeois Lizard King Zog, or else that filthy, revisionist Crystal Palace Supporters Club, snapped in the middle of the night, piercing the Stockbroking buttocks, and causing a tetanus scare throughout Rutland. The inanimate attacker's miserable existence will make its only worthwhile contribution to life on this planet when it is auctioned at our Ethiopia benefit on Friday 23rd November, at Peterborough Town Hall.

Swift Nick, meanwhile, is undergoing psychiatric treatment for a weird mental disorder, which manifests itself in the most distasteful of all symptoms - he supports Hull City! They're almost as bad as Port Vale!

But, enough of this partizan, intolerant nonsense - stuff old-fashioned, elitist, incomprehensible, 'deep' poetry - this is ranting verse!

William the Conk

Here's a question people often pose -
Where does it come from, Billy Bragg's nose?
A long time ago, down in East Ham,
A horrible shape emerged from a pram.
Was it built by the Egyptians?
Was it the fin of a great white shark?
Was it a new Thames barrier?
A giant hod carrier?

Or an extension to Upton Park?
Well, the truth of the matter is, nobody really nose,
They just can't trace the real birthplace
Of that terrible, giant lump on his face,
So they called it Billy Bragg's nose.
They watched Billy's nose grow,
like Pinocchio,
People laugh wherever he goes,
but they run for cover when he blows that nose.
Scotties ain't enough,
Kleenex ain't tough.

Cos our Billy needs much stronger stuff.
You feel the ground tremble beneath your feet
when he blows his nose with a double bed sheet.
Now Billy's following his guitar heroes,
where it's what you wear, and the style of your hair,
and no-one cares about the size of your nose.

(When he sings 'To Have Or Have Not',
he doesn't mean money, he really means snot.)
Billy went far, with his nose and guitar,
like Pete Townshend he became a star.
He made a record that's highly rated,
and Big Conks became so sophisticated!!
(He sings about The Man In The Iron Mask...
but to get it over his conk would be a bloody task.)
Then the housewives' hero came to one of his shows,
and Billy's nose challenged Barry Manilow's.

Billy couldn't stand his sickening pose,
so he floored the creep with a couple of blows
from that conk, that broke the bastard's nose.
But poor Billy ran out of luck,
one night on stage.... disaster struck,
With both hands on his guitar he began to play,
but that massive snout got in the way.
When the microphone touched Billy's nose
it sent five thousand volts through to his toes.

A pair of plimsolls kept Billy alive,
but that famous snout didn't survive,
He was rushed to hospital for a hurried operation,
no time for debate or consultation,
they replaced it with a siren from the ambulance station.
Billy was furious when he first awoke,
but soon saw the funny side of the joke.
'Cos the RAF bought Billy's famous hooter,
added a Rolls Royce engine and a Sinclair computer.
And the former pride of Billy's face
was launched as a satellite out to space,
and the whole world could hear, beamed from the sky,
'Life's A Riot With Spy Vs. Spy',
Billy retired and returned to East Ham -
Now he works on the roof of an ice cream van.

Kool Knotes '84

DIRTY LINEN

(A recent tale of scandal and corruption ignored by many, involving the Tory party, Mark Thatcher, a member of the House of Lords and his firm, Trafalgar House.)

These are troubled times
scream press headlines,
too many strikes and inadequate fines
for peace protesters and picket lines.
But they choose to ignore some people's crimes.
You won't see in press or hear on the news
about the shady deals of Lord Matthews.
Maggie made him an offer he couldn't refuse.
He was a bloke who could easily afford
the £40,000 fee for becoming a Lord.
He had nothing to lose and much to gain
by investing in the Tory deception campaign.
Because with schemes like this fortunes are made,
and twelve months later the debt was repaid.

There's much money to be made in foreign lands
if you know the right people and shake the right hands.
Of course it helps if you employ
Margaret's little golden boy.
There are friends in high places for the big money men,
and there is no higher number than number ten.
In the Middle East a contract was won
with the co-operation of Thatcher and son.
Now all that's left is to complete the sum.
£40,000 for the election fund,
a £59,000 bonus for her favourite son,
Lord Matthews is in the Lords to take his seat,
with a £300 million profit and the deal's complete.

These are troubled times
scream press headlines,
too many strikes and inadequate fines
for peace protesters and picket lines.
But they choose to ignore some people's crimes.
Financial deals and old school ties
Keep dirty linen from prying eyes.

Kool Kioles '84

Mark Thatcher received a secret payment on Cementation's behalf for work during this period — said by his associates to be £59,000. Mark's business partner, Mr Steve Tipping, claims that the money will eventually be paid into the accounts of Mark Thatcher's company.

MARK THATCHER and Cementation's Middle East director, Mr Jamil Amyuni, were involved in a second deal at the same time as Mrs Thatcher was on an official visit to the Gulf in 1981. They were seeking a contract to build a giant irrigation scheme in the desert oasis of Ain in Abu Dhabi. Mark Thatcher travelled privately to Abu Dhabi at the same time as the Prime Minister and met her there. They were on their way to Oman, where Mrs Thatcher successfully lobbied for the £300 million university building contract subsequently given to Cementation.

The largest six donations, it says, came last year from British and Commonwealth Shipping (£95,810); Trafalgar House (£40,000); Hanson Trust (£40,000); Northern Engineering Industries (£40,000); Trusthouse Forte (£37,500); and Newarthill, the building and construction concern (£35,000).

The chairmen of four of these companies, Labour Research says, have received peerages from Mrs Thatcher. They are Lord Cayzer (of British and Commonwealth Shipping), Lord Matthews (Trafalgar House), Lord Forte, and Lord McAlpine of Newarthill.

EVERY TIME I EAT VEGETABLES...

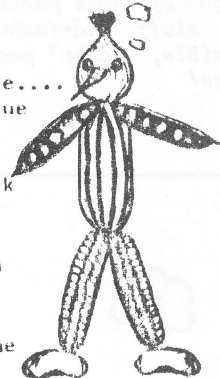
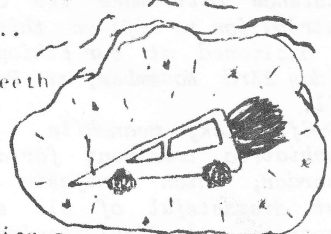
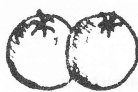
by Attila the Stockbroker 1984

No agony, no ecstasy, no pleasure and no pain -
so exquisitely uninteresting you drive your wife insane
The TV is your oracle, the newspapers your guide
and your shiny little vehicle is your passion and your pride
You've done the same things every day for nigh on forty years
and in your ludicrous routines you hide your worthless fears
On the blandest boat in Boredom you are the captain of the crew -
and every time I eat vegetables it makes me think of you.

You died the day that you were born and now you sit and rot
a three-piece-suited dinosaur in the pond that time forgot....
Your image is respectable, there's nothing underneath
and the whole thing is as surely false as Esther Rantzen's teeth
Your views are carbon copies of the rubbish that you read
and you swallow every morsel Rupert Murdoch seeks to feed
You go to bed at ten because you've nothing else to do
and every time I eat vegetables it makes me think of you.

And now a few choice words without the slightest hint of malice -
rather than spend the day with you I'd play for Crystal Palace!
I really love your company when you are far away
and I'll go there tomorrow if you're going there today
If you love the establishment as much as you declare
then go to a Cruise missile base and establish yourself there....
You're the middle-aged equivalent of a kid who's sniffing glue
and every time I eat vegetables it makes me think of you.

You're a cabbage in a pickle and your brain has sprung a leak
so lettuce keep our distance 'cos I vomit when you speak
I'll always do a runner so I'm going where you've bean
'cos to see you chills my marrow and turns my tomatoes green
You're an eighteen carrot cretin with a dandelion whine -
so stick to your herbaceous border and I'll stick to mine
and although this verse is corny, it's amazing but it's true
that every time I eat vegetables it makes me think of you!



OK, so this one's already been in Tirane Thrash 2, Col Notes 7, Jamming! 20 But there are undoubtedly still millions of unfortunate individuals who have not yet read it, and who missed seeing Nick perform it on The Tube, so.....

Cults and Fads

I've seen these cults and fads before, they always come and go,
Blossom like the trees in spring then melt like winter snow.

I've seen the nitty-gritty skinheads
and the arty-farty students,
I've seen the witty-pitiful beatniks
and those hippy-flippant movements,
I've drunk with the fruity-futile glam-rockers
and their home-made suede friends,
Eaten with frantic new romantics
and brought it back up in punky trends.
The aggressive mods and rockers became hot rods and mockers
in chemical reactions,
The no-wave brought new wave that changed to
hunky-funky rapping factions.

I know I must admit...
I was drawn just a little bit
by a couple of these attitudes,
But there are those I could name
who I know would begin to claim
that no-one sussed the hat-her-chewed.

It must have been a Pod or a Munk,
whichever you prefer to choose,
But I can't get the look off to a tee,
let down by my platform shoes.

I can't ignore the extreme extroverts,
that is the perverts,
with cream buns on their knobs,
And public schoolboys in their class,
who pretend to rebel by smoking hash,
and believe they're middle class yobs.

You're all standing in cliched poses,
with rubber bleedin' noses,
and laughs as false as your teeth.
You tell me your outfit's an identity,
but really it's a nonentity,
with nothing underneath.

Each and every one of us set to change the world
cos we're young and volatile and rebellion's always sweet.
And we all know what a revolutionary looks like,
cos we've met 'em on the street,
Limping along carrying portable fold-away soap-boxes,
from which to spew radical dissatisfaction.
Another emotional super-charged energetic youth,
Just like the cults and fads, but we never see any action.
We just ramble on for a year or two,
until our time is through,
then fade away into obscurity.

But now we've realised the uselessness in fighting ourselves,
let's channel our strength in unity,
Every nation's youth together, all religions one,
Trample on graves of past prejudice, hate, class, conditioning
until every one is gone.

Start the final youth movement and bring our kids up right,
Make 'em hate the useless wars and governments that make working people fight,
If the power's there among us, let's all shine the guiding light,
Sow the future's seeds now.....to flourish overnight.



L'UNION FAIT LA FORCE.

SOLIDARNOŚĆ

STRENGTH
IN UNITY



Swift Nick